Šuniukas Mylimasis

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Šuniukas Mylimasis

by ALPHAwolf

Summary

Hannibal gives Will a second chance to run away with him, and this time he takes it.

Notes

I don't think that second airplane seat was meant for Bedelia originally.

Chapter 1

“You were supposed... To leave.”

There was blood everywhere- the floor, the table. It stained Hannibal’s shirt and painted his face, a streak drying in the man’s dishevelled hair as Will stood dripping wet before him.

“We couldn't leave without you.”

His voice was far too gentle for his appearance, too calm as he stepped closer. The profiler made no move to prevent them coming toe to toe, a soft sigh slipping past the other’s lips as he reached up to gently caress the distressed brunette’s cheek. Will let him lean in closer, strong fingers sliding to take grip behind his ear.

A blade pressed against his stomach, Will sucking in a sharp breath as it broke skin- but Hannibal hesitated, not yet thrusting it into his body.

He didn’t dare move besides the uncontrollable tremors his body was quivering with from pain and shock, staring wide eyed into Hannibal’s searching gaze.

“We can still leave.” The older man whispered, his breath warm on Wills wet lips. “I’ll forgive you, for everything.” It was ridiculous that the presence of a knife cutting into him didn’t prevent the plea from tugging at his heart strings.

Before him stood a murderer- a monster, but all he could see in his eyes was hope- and all he could feel was the desperate desire he’d been quashing down ever since Hannibal had first made the suggestion. He wanted to- wanted it so desperately he couldn’t believe he wasn’t still clinically mad.

“*My dogs*-” it was the only weak rebuttal he could manage, the only slither of sense left in him, tethering him to reality and not the childish dream of running away with a serial killer.

Hannibal’s lips turned up in a small smile, the look far too comforting for a man with red splatters on his cheek. Will wondered if the blood was all his.

“Abigail can remain and care for them.” He suggested, gaze pointed over Will’s shoulder. The brunette tried to look back at her, to see how the no doubt terrified teen was doing, but Hannibal’s grip on him stiffened and he didn’t dare move with the blade still inside him. Instead he held his gaze, leaving him unsure if it was his own want or merely his empathy reflecting the Ripper’s own.

Hannibal broke out in a grin and Will realised he’d nodded, mind still catching up with his actions as his face was held in what could only be described as a loving manner, the knife slowly removed from his person.

Will clutched the wound with a wince as Hannibal’s attention turned to Abigail behind him, the profiler’s mind still swimming.

He had to say yes. It was that or death, he didn't have a choice. The rush of emotion he suddenly felt was fear not excitement. It had to be.

Will looked back to see Abigail take Hannibal's outstretched hand, the girl looking apprehensive as he whispered something Will couldn't hear in her ear.

Abigail's scream cut through the thudding of blood in his ears, his own desperate cry of '*no'* following as Hannibal plunged a small knife into her side.

Will nearly slipped in the puddle that had gathered at his feet as he hurried to her side, Hannibal gently lowering her to the floor and allowing the brunette to rest her head in his lap.

"She'll be okay." The Lithuanian's dulcet baritone voice assured comfortingly. Sure enough the blade was still inside her, preventing blood from pouring out.

She shivered and nodded in assurance, Will doing his best not to give in to the overwhelming urge to cry as his own shaking hand went to tuck the hair on her face behind her ear- but it wasn't there. Instead a clean surgical scar and a small hole was where it had once been attached.

Hannibal had stood, his hand offered to help him up off the floor.

Of course. He had to wound her. The three of them would be too easy to track, but this way the FBI would see her as another one of Hannibal's victims. She would be safe and cared for.

That was the thought he clung to as he gently lowered her head to the floor and took the cannibal's bloody outstretched hand.

Adrenaline surged through him as they hurried out the front door, hand in hand into the pouring rain. He could hear siren's in the distance as Hannibal intertwined their fingers, leading him into the distance.

He didn't look back at where Alana had been. He didn't look back at all.

She'd think he and Hannibal had planned it all. The FBI would find out he had called to warn Hannibal and consider him an accessory to his crimes, but it didn't matter. Jack wouldn't believe them, and this way he could keep Hannibal close- whether for selfish reasons or to eventually hand him in he couldn't seem to decide.

Will turned his gaze to the man beside him, Hannibal's eyes shut as he took a blissful moment to let the rain wash down his face. There was a small smile on his lips as he gripped the other's hand tightly, and the profiler caught himself about to mimic the breathtaking sight.

He felt weightless despite the rain drenching his clothes, warm in spite of the piercing cold. Hannibal's hand tethered him to reality, yet it all felt so surreal. He didn't even have any idea where they were going.

A black car sat camouflaged by the side of the road a few blocks away, the lights flashing as Hannibal unlocking it with a pair of keys in his pocket. Will probably wouldn't have noticed its presence otherwise since it wasn't the other's usual Bentley. He found himself hardly

surprised by the knowledge that his rich psychiatrist owned more than one car, though at least this one was a far more common model and brand of vehicle.

Ever the gentleman, Hannibal opened the passenger side door for him, the cannibalistic serial killer's smile wavering a millisecond as William hesitated.

The brunette reached into his pocket, fingers ghosting his mobile phone.

Aware of the time pressure Hannibal had left his door open and gone around to the driver side, getting in and turning on the vehicle, all the while holding Will's gaze. There was an expectant look on his face, but his eyes betrayed him. He reminded the brunette of a dog that had been left at the pound, silently beginning its owner to come back.

Will gripped his phone before tossing it aside into the bushes, ensuring they wouldn't be tracked as he got into his seat and shut the door behind him. Hannibal visibly brightened, foot pressing down on the gas as they sped away into the night.

A million questions danced around in Williams' head. Why frame him for Abigale's 'death'? Why fake it in the first place? Had he ever truly cared for Alana, or had she too simply been another tool? Why hadn't he left without him? Why forgive him? It was too much, so for the moment he focused on the most pressing.

"Where're we going?"

"To clean up." Hannibal explained. His hand reached over to caress the back of Will's neck in a comforting manner as he drove, the action seeming natural between them despite how intimate it was.

The brunette looked over at the other in the corner of his eye as the sound of sirens was lost in the distance, the other man's eyes focused on the road. The rain had done little to wash away the blood on him, fresh droplets welling from the cuts on his forearms and face. His hair appeared dark silver as it clung to his forehead, the strange urge to taste the salt of his skin mixed with the blood and water dripping from the strands down his face haunting the back of Will's mind. He ignored it, pretending it had never arisen as he often did when strange thoughts plagued him.

Will quickly turned his eyes back to the road, leaning back into the other's hold. Hannibal's hand was a comforting weight on the back of his neck, his eyes shutting momentarily to enjoy the feeling. Usually he hated being touched, so often soft touches feeling like bugs under his skin, but Hannibal's hold was firm, a solid warm presence against his skin.

Slowly the adrenaline dissipated from his bloodstream, the profiler's eyelids feeling heavy and eyes sore as exhaustion hit him. Though his grasp on time was tenuous at the best of times he estimated about 15 minutes passed in silence before they slowed, pulling into the driveway of a darkened house and parking beside a second car.

"Whose house is this?" He asked as they got out, not recognising it or the vehicle.

“Mine.” He wasn’t sure why he felt shocked. Of course the loaded serial killer had an emergency safe house, he’d be a fool not to, and Hannibal was no fool.

Will half expected to see a dead body in the trunk as Hannibal opened it, instead taking out a distended duffel bag.

With the same lot of keys he had used for the car Hannibal opened the front door and held it wide for him with a smile, the brunette obediently walking inside. It was completely empty, not a piece of furniture in sight. The door clicked locked behind him, and he expected some apprehension or fear to hit him at the sound, but it never came.

In a daze Will followed him into the bowels of the dark empty house, ending up in the bathroom. Finally, Hannibal turned on a light before shutting the door behind them, dropping the duffel on the floor. Will watched as he then opened up the cupboard beneath the sink and pulled out a rather large first aid kit before undoing the buttons of his shirt. He was about to offer his assistance in patching the other up but Hannibal was already making his way over to the shower, continuing to strip. Will’s eyes widened and he turned away, hearing the faucet turn on and the sound of Hannibal’s soaking clothes dropping to the tiles before the glass door shut behind him. It was at least mottled glass, so the threat of accidentally letting his curiosity get the better of him was negligent.

“You should disinfect your wound.” Hannibal’s deep voice suggested as steam began to rise from the glass box, evidently noting the brunette wasn’t sure what to do with himself. Taking the other’s advice Will peeled off his own shirt, opening the box and searching through for some kind of antiseptic. There were wipes and spray, and though it would no doubt sting to high hell he chose the wipes, washing his hands before cleaning all the blood from around it. It wasn’t too bad, perhaps half a centimetre deep and one wide. He’d certainly had worse, but it still hurt a hell of a lot as he cleaned it. It reminded him of the sting of a papercut or stubbing one’s toe- how the minute injury seemed to force his entire nervous system into screaming. Meanwhile Hannibal didn’t make a sound besides the occasional relaxed sigh, sounding almost content despite the scalding water no doubt burning his injuries.

Will did his best not to think about it, lest he visualise Hannibal’s naked body under the spray. Still, he was unable to prevent himself giving into the temptation to look over at the mottled glass, but Hannibal was nothing but a black humanoid shadow, dark antlers peaking up over the barrier as steam rose.

The brunette turned his attention back to his still bleeding wound. It would keep bleeding if he didn’t find something to hold it closed, maybe some tape…

The faucet made a squeak as Hannibal turned it off, Will busily digging through their medical supplies as the other opened the glass door and stepping out shamelessly. Will couldn’t prevent the peek he caught of the other’s skin in the mirror, his back turned to him as he took a towel from the rack and wrapped it around his lower body. His cheeks turned red at the sight of the other’s toned behind, bruises beginning to develop even there. Somehow the thought of Jack getting him to land on his ass so hard it bruised make him strangely... amused.

Will avoided his gaze as he came closer but caught the other's pointed gaze in the mirror as he continued to burrow through the kit. Hannibal gestured with his head towards the shower, and Will realised the other was waiting for him to use it. Right, of course. He was freezing.

They traded places, Hannibal patching himself up as Will hesitantly undid his pants. The older looked amused by his coyness as Will turned his back to him. Still he could feel the other's hot gaze, likely still looking at him through the mirror as he had, or maybe it was just his mind playing trick. Yes, that was definitely what it was, Will assured himself as he slipped off his underwear and hurriedly got into the glass box.

It was as he turned on the hot water he realised he'd been shivering, stepping under the spray and letting the warmth seep into his bones till it subsided.

There was a wet bar of soap sitting in the holder which he used sparingly, not needing more than a once over before checking where Hannibal was at. His darken shadow gave the appearance of having finished dressing his wounds and was now pulling on pants.

Will waited until he was beginning to button his shirt before turning the water off. He peaked out of the door towards the towel rack and took the second, dry red towel, wrapping it around his lower body before stepping out of the privacy the glass provided.

Hannibal's eyes immediately caught his- amused, delighted, intrigued, aroused- and Will quickly looked away. The man had put on a new three-piece suit, *plaid of course*, and was doing up his also *plaid* tie. Will could almost laugh, or cry at the fact the other somehow managed to pull off such a fashion disaster, not that he himself was in any position to judge he supposed.

These thoughts were pushed aside at the realisation he likely wasn't going to be able to crawl into bed like he wanted any time soon, if the (thankfully plain) grey suit folded neatly on the sink was anything to go by.

"You need stitches." Hannibal announced as he handed him a clean pair of underwear, the brunette awkwardly shimmying them on under the towel before letting the other guide him into sitting up on the sink.

A sense of calm enveloped him as the other gently dragged his finger over the break he had caused in his skin, giving a thoughtful hum before taking the antiseptic spray and ensuring it was definitely clean. Will winced and tensed, meanwhile knowing it would be nothing in comparison to the bite of the sterile needle Hannibal was now threading with expect ease.

He clenched his teeth tight as the ex-surgeon pinched the wound shut, the first touch of the pin sliding into his skin torturously slow making a whimper gather at the back of his throat. He refused to let it pass his lips.

"Why forgive me?" He forced out instead, intend on distracting himself.

"...So that you will forgive me." Will nearly scoffed.

“You put me in a mental hospital and made me think I ate Abigail.” He bit, ready to growl out multiple others of the cannibal’s sins against him, including most recently stabbing him, but instead bit his tongue as the needle slid once again into his skin.

Hannibal smiled without a hint of remorse, the expression almost cute in some twisted way.

“Will you forgive me if I buy you a puppy?” The manipulative bastard. He knew just what to say to make endorphins rush through his body, but Will quashed the feeling and forced his delight at the prospect down.

“Doubt we’re going to be going out to buy puppies any time soon.” He replied bitterly, adding a little more quietly after- “They’d find us.” He sounded disappointed even to his own ears, Hannibal smiling with what seemed a plethora of secret knowledge as he tugged the stitches tight and tied the thread off.

“They wont.” He assured as he snipped it back, two small neat joins pulling Will’s skin together. He covered the small wound with gauze in case it opened back up before passing him a black button up shirt.

As Lecter put on his socks and shoes Will pulled on the offered pants and jacket, surprised the ensemble fit him so well. He came to the realisation there was no way these could have been Hannibal’s- they were too small- but must have been bought for him. The tie he was given however was definitely Hannibal’s. Only he would own such a gaudy, intricately patterned gold tie.

Their dirty clothes were shoved into the now empty duffel, which Hannibal zipped shut (Will noting it had one of those fancy childproof mechanisms) and threw over his shoulder.

“Come, we won’t be staying.” Will hurriedly slipped on the dress shoes he’d been given (also in his size) and followed the other back out to the car, leaving his laces to be done up once they were on their way wherever they were going.

Unsurprisingly they went to the second car, Hannibal opening the boot to chuck in the duffel and briefly revealing two suitcases.

It warmed Will’s heart just a little to know the other had held out hope so strongly he would come with him, the knowledge at the same time bugging him to no end.

“You planned all this.” He accused as they climbed into the car.

“I hoped, and prepared for every possible outcome.” Hannibal corrected with a smile, Will only able to roll his eyes.

It took about ten minutes of driving for him to realise they were heading towards the airport, a shot of dread gripping him. The second they tried to board a plane the FBI would flag them.

“Your passport’s frozen.” He warned, but the other only appeared smug.

“Not to worry, mylimasis.” Will’s face scrunched up at the strange pet name. Of all the things Hannibal could choose to liken him to, why treacle? Although, he supposed the other was a

foodie (in a sense), perhaps he was calling him sweet? Or thick? Or comparing it to the colour of his hair? Still, it was an upgrade from ‘shattered teacup’ at least.

They dumped the car in the domestic terminal parking, Hannibal applying concealer to the bruises developing on his face before they walked the rest of the way to the international terminal. It was by no means a short walk, and the brunette found himself worrying for the other’s wellbeing with all his recent injuries, but the only hint they existed was the slight limp in his step. The brunette attempted to take his suitcase from him but the other wouldn’t allow it, insisting he didn’t want him to pull his stitches- never mind his own stitches he no doubt had, the stubborn prick.

Will kept his head down as they entered the airport, avoiding being noticed by the camera’s as Hannibal lead them towards a locker box. Yet another, this time smaller bag was retrieved, which he passed to Will before they went to check in.

Their tickets had already been booked and purchased apparently, Will holding his breath as Hannibal took two passports from the small bag and handed it over to the woman at the ID checkpoint for ‘Air France’.

She encouraged them to hurry along as their flight was already boarding, but otherwise evidently nothing seemed amiss.

Will looked over the documents as they walked towards customs. Hannibal really was an excellent forger, the passports looked completely valid, if not for the fake names and birthdates listed. The photo was somehow different to his own passport, licence, or fbi ID photo, but was undoubtedly him. In fact it looked like the one on his teaching ID, which the FBI were very unlikely to even have on file.

With one barrier crossed they came to the next challenge, Hannibal appearing unbothered whilst Will was near sweating at the possibility one of them might be pulled aside, or the duffel flagged. He couldn’t even breath as it went through the X-ray, knowing that the second it was opened up they were done for- but the bag was allowed through and Hannibal gave a polite smile to the custom officers, his hand on the small of Will back as he gently guided him away.

It was all going too well, unnervingly so. He kept expecting a SWAT team to surround them, or a sniper to suddenly take Hannibal out.

Will’s heart was still thudding as they found the right gate, joining the line of the last few passenger’s entering the plane destined for Paris. The brunette’s eyes darted about wildly, Hannibal giving a reassuring squeeze to his hand before greeting the boarding hostess with a polite ‘bonjour’ and handing her their ticket’s. She smiled and welcomed them inside, likely mistaking them for a couple as the doctor lead him by their intertwined hands.

Their seats were first class (surprise surprise), Will taking a seat by the window and immediately closing the shutter as Hannibal put their bags in the locker overhead. Out of sight, out of mind- Will hoped, though he doubted it immensely. Didn’t airplanes have secret police officers on board every flight or something? He searched around for a possible candidate to his theory.

Hannibal sat beside him with just a hint of a pained groan stealing his attention, the blond quickly masking it as clearing his throat. He still wore that trademark hint of a smile, reaching out and resting his hand over's Will's.

"Rest, mylimasis." Will thinned his eyes.

"You'd better not be calling me stupid." Hannibal looked rather confused at the accusation, the expression slipping into amusement.

"I assure you that is far from what I'm saying." Will searched his eyes another moment before accepting his word, sitting back with a small exhale. With the other's presence beside him he found the anxiety begin to subside, taking his advice and finally letting his eyes rest.

Chapter 2

As William awoke he noted the heavy arm draped over his waist and the foggy feeling in his brain, both quickly losing their importance over the nagging demands of his bladder.

He had been only semi-conscious when they had arrived at the hotel last night, too tired to complain that the other had only arranged a single room with a queen bed. Apparently they were supposed to be posing as a honeymooning couple, and therefore anything else would have been suspicious.

As he carefully slipped out from under the other's lax arm he noted he was only wearing his briefs, when he was quite sure he'd crawled into bed fully clothed before passing out. A familiar, unpleasant medicated haze plagued him as he stumbled toward the bathroom, all but certain the other must had slipped him a sedative- probably in the coffee he'd ordered for him at the airport café after they'd landed.

Bladder relieved he had every intention of crawling back into bed, the other still fast asleep despite the sharp light streaming through the open curtains. The fight with Jack must have really taken it out of him, Will noted as he went to close the drapes.

The Eiffel tower stood in the near distance, just visible behind the early morning fog. Despite the suns light it felt like it was 2am, jet lag making him want to sleep in till noon. He turned back to the bed, noting the landline by Hannibal's side of the mattress.

He could call the FBI… if the phone even worked for numbers outside of the country, or the hotel for that matter. Something told him if it did Hannibal would have already disconnected the line. Still, the other was fast asleep, so he should at least try… but as he sat on the corner of the bed he found he really didn't want to. All he wanted to do was crawl back under the warm blankets with his friend, breath in his musky scent and fall back into blissful oblivion.

The sound of the sheets whispering in movement drew his attention as Hannibal's tired eyes slowly blinked open, his unfocused gaze searching till they landed on Will. His hand reached for the brunette, finding his and squeezing weakly.

"Come back to sleep." His accent was thick and heavy, barely understandable as his eyes slipped back shut in evident exhaustion. It was hopelessly endearing, and before he knew he'd decided Will found himself crawling back in beside the other, allowing the Lithuanian to pull him close.

Hannibal breathed a deep inhale at his nape with a sigh that bordered on erotic, quickly falling right back to sleep.

It took some time for the brunette's heart to calm back down enough for him to follow.

The next time he surfaced from the thick submerge of his unconsciousness it was to Hannibal's voice, alien words whispering through the air around him.

It was French, he realised, forcing his eyes open to see the other standing in a white robe- clearly freshly showered- in front of their open hotel door.

"*Merci*." He tipped whomever it was and pulled in a silver food cart, locking the door behind him.

Their eyes met as he rolled it over to the bedside, smiling at the sleepy profiler.

"Good morning." He had already applied concealer to his bruises, whether from vanity or so the bellboy wouldn't think they'd had a spat the brunette wasn't sure. Very likely both considering how painful it must have been to put on, what with how swollen his lip appeared, not that anyone who didn't know him would notice the difference.

"Smells good." Will mumbled as he slowly sat up, the other piling several different fancy looking foods onto a plate.

"Croque monsieur, petits pains au chocolat, croissants, and of course café allongé." He placed the plate in front of Will and poured a cup of the steaming liquid, the brunette giving him a confused look. "Coffee." He explained before passing him the cup.

"Thanks." It was strange being looked after so avidly, though he supposed he should have been used to it by now. Hannibal was always like that, at least with him. He selfishly hoped it was only with him, even if he already knew it wasn't true.

The man didn't seem to judge as he added heaped teaspoons of sugar and a splash of milk to his drink, almost burning his tongue before adding more milk.

Hannibal had sat beside him with his own plate, biting into what looked kind of like a rich-man's cheese toasty.

"So what do we do now?" Will asked after a few more sips, unsure when exactly he had surrendered himself to the other's crazy plans. Probably the moment he'd agreed to run away with him, Will's inner voice mused.

"Today we rest, I have some arrangements to make, then tomorrow night we have an event to attend." The brunette looked at him with visible confusion, in the middle of spreading jam onto his croissant.

"You cannot be making public appearances." He pointed out obviously, noting he sounded almost like a disgruntled wife.

"It's necessary."

"Why?"

“We require... more solid identities than the falsehoods on our passports.” Will’s expression twisted into even further befuddlement. What exactly did he plan on having them do? Kill two people and steal their identities?

He froze momentarily, mid bite as he realised that was exactly what Hannibal was planning. He struggled to swallow down the sweet taste of pastry mixed with the tang of apprehension.

They ate in silent after that, only the scrape of cutlery on china disturbing the quiet.

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“I’m not going.”

Hannibal’s eyes rose from his laptop as Will unexpectedly spoke after having been mute for the past two hours. The brunette assumed he was making the earlier mentioned ‘arrangements’, or maybe forging more documents, or researching his next victims…

The man seemed to understand his meaning without specification, that he would not be helping him tomorrow night. He looked rather disappointed.

“I will respect your decision.” Will felt some sense of relief at his words, returning to watching the television and not really reading the English captions. He ignored the tugging in his chest, insisting that it didn’t want Hannibal to go either- that he didn’t want to be alone. “But you must promise to remain here, where it is safe.”

Will almost scoffed. Here was far from safe, sitting across from a cannibal who was busy planning his next kill. Literally anywhere would probably be safer, yet he nodded anyway.

Eventually the noise from the speakers began to grate at him, finding he didn’t much like the sound of the alien language unless it was Hannibal speaking it. He showered instead, finding as he returned that the other had ordered lunch along with a bottle of champagne.

“Quenelles de Brochet Nantua and Salade Lyonnaise.” Will sat in his own robe and gave the food a curious look as Hannibal made him a plate, taking a bite of the fish and immediately recognising the taste.

“…Pike and salad?”

“… Yes.” Will gave a fond smile, secretly enjoying simplifying the complexity at which Hannibal’s mind worked. He drank until he had a nice buzz going, the other obediently filling his glass every time it was empty whilst somehow managing to drink just as much. They were on their ‘honeymoon’ after all, Will mused internally, if that wasn’t a cause for day drinking he didn’t know what was. It wasn’t long till the bottle was empty, and after the dishes had been cleared away Hannibal politely requested to check his stitches.

“You’re healing well.” He announced happily, his fingers brushing over the wound. It made Will shiver, tipsiness replacing any embarrassment he might have otherwise felt. Still, it was all just a bit too… intimate, and it was making him unsure of how to act, not that he had any idea what to do half the time around the other unless Hannibal gave him some direction. He hated how ridiculously dependent the thoughts sounded in his mind, but in his own defence it was rather hard to shake the habit after having the other brainwash him for so long.

“What are you thinking so hard about?” The older man asked quietly, just a little closer than was probably appropriate, not that Will had any idea what classed as ‘appropriate’ between them.

“You,” he admitted “manipulating me.” Hannibal grinned, slightly crooked teeth on display. Will couldn’t help thinking of how typical that was. Why did rich serial killers always have crooked bottom teeth?

“In my defence, I couldn’t let Jack have *all* the fun.” He would have argued but it didn’t seem worth it, especially since he wasn’t certain if Jack hadn’t been manipulating him… even if it wasn’t deliberate.

“... Is he-?” Will swallowed, hesitant to finish the question.

“Dead? Not when I last saw him, no.” The brunette expected a sense of relief, but neither that nor disappointment arose. It was as if he’d already buried the other and finished mourning. The thing that troubled him most was the fact that he didn’t care, that he couldn’t manage a shred of emotion for a man he considered family. In the same way he wished he cared about who Hannibal was going to kill tomorrow, or whether every meal they’d ever shared had secretly been made of people. Still he knew he wasn’t suddenly completely apathetic because the thought of Hannibal locked away in a glass cage made his stomach drop, just as the realisation Abigail was alive had filled him with relief. He’d hoped that the unacknowledged hybristophilla of his early police days had passed, but evidently he had only managed to bury it for a time.

“How long are we going to stay here?”

“I’ve made travel arrangements for the day after tomorrow.”

“Where’re we going?” Will pressed, but the other only gave that secretive smirk that made his chest flutter and his head frustrated.

“It’s a surprise.” It hardly came as a revelation that the criminal didn’t trust him, especially since Will didn’t even trust himself. The moral part of him was still nagging at the back of his mind, pressuring him to find a way to call the authorities as soon as Hannibal left for his little ‘event’.

“When do I get my puppy?” He asked next, wanting to quiet his mind.

“As soon as we’re settled into our new home.” At least he had that to look forward to... calling the police could wait till after he got his new dog. Then at least he’d get something out of all this. It was selfish, he knew, but perhaps by then the other would trust him enough

to slip up. He told himself that was why he was stalling, ignoring the part of himself that knew the truth.

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

Will just keeps waking up and passing out

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will gave a sharp gasp as he woke, sticky with sweat and blinded by darkness.

“Hannibal?!” *Where was Hannibal?!*

“Hey, shhh shh shh, it’s okay mylimasis, you’re safe.” Warm arms enveloped him and quickly the panic subsided, a soft familiar voice whispering soothing words, half of which weren’t even English, in his ear. “Are you alright?” He asked once the brunette’s breathing had returned to normal, his body relaxed against the blonde’s chest.

“Y-yeah, just a nightmare.” He couldn’t even remember what it was that had terrified him so much, memories of blood, feathers, and antlers slipping away too quickly for him to grasp.

Even though he had calmed down Hannibal made no move to let him go, arms wrapped around him tightly and a hand carding through his hair. He wasn’t quite sure he’d ever been held so intimately, even by a lover. It should probably have made him uncomfortable, having his cannibalistic psychiatrist’s hairy chest rubbing against his bare back, the feeling of a solid toned torso so different from breasts. Surprisingly, he didn’t hate it.

Exhausted, William allowed his head to fall back against the other’s shoulder as they sat in the dark, shutting his eyes and ignoring any of the tricks the shadows around them wished to play with his mind.

“… what kind of dog are you going to get me?” He asked in a whisper, wanting to fill the quiet with Hannibal’s voice.

“What kind would you like?” His chest vibrated as he spoke, the sound deep and soothing. Will wanted to plunge his hands into the other’s ribcage and feel it from the inside.

“I like all dogs.” He replied truthfully, absentmindedly nuzzling his nose under the other’s chin, his rare stubble prickling the brunette’s skin. Hannibal’s breath caught, a content hum leaving Will’s lips.

“Big or small breed?” The doctor finally suggested, Will noting the slight waver in his voice. It bought him unmitigated pleasure.

“Hmmm, not huge but big.”

“Short or long haired?”

“Short.” He didn’t want to have to deal with shedding, or more precisely, he didn’t want to deal with *Dr Lecter* upset his clothes were all covered in dog hair.

Hannibal asked a few more mundane questions, and quickly Will drifted back to sleep in his arms.

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Will’s fingers stroked absentmindedly through fur, his eyes slowly slipping open. Confusion came first, wondering why this wasn’t his room, and why it didn’t smell of dog. He turned his eyes up to meet an amused expression, coming to the horrifying conclusion that he had been *petting* and *drooling* on Hannibal’s chest, not Winston as his sleep addled mind had assumed.

“Sorry.” He mumbled bashfully, moving to pull away and wiping the corner of his mouth. Hannibal however only chuckled, preventing him from slipping away by tightening his arms around him.

“No need to apologise.” He insisted, the brunette’s eye’s going wide.

Oh God, he was lying half naked on top of an equally undressed Hannibal, the man looking up at him with obvious hunger, pupils blown and burning with desire. *Was- was Hannibal about to kiss him? Fuck!* He hadn’t brushed his teeth! They’d eaten snails and frog for dinner last night! He probably had the worst morning breath and tasted rancid! There was no way Hannibal could kiss him in such a state he’d never want to do it again-!

His inner thoughts were silenced as the other forced him closer by gripping the back of his neck, their lips crashing together. Will let out a surprised noise, body going stiff like a frightened goat- but slowly those fingers worked their magic and he found his eyes drifting shut, the cannibal gently devouring his mouth as he massaged his nape.

Oh, that felt *really* good. Evidently the other didn’t mind the taste of him as he slid his tongue experimentally across Will’s bottom lip, having to make a few passes before he was given entrance into the coy warmth.

The brunette made an unidentifiable sound as he was rolled onto his back, Hannibal on top of him, their lips never parting. If he had thought he was being devoured before it was nothing compared to now that the other had the high ground. His lips already felt like they were beginning to swell.

He hadn’t made out like this since he was in his early twenties! His hands found the others hair and he began to grip lightly for at least some leverage, their legs tangling together as his body begged to be closer. Hannibal complied, laying over him so every part of them touched, bodies melding together like two marble statues made out of the same stone. He could feel

the twitch of the other's sex against him, a shot of euphoria sending him reeling at the knowledge he had put the *Chesapeake Ripper* in such a state without even trying. His ego was probably doubling in size as the other's hands found his behind, kneading it like the dough of a delicate pastry.

Will groaned, the other's hands manipulating his body into the position he wanted like his words had melded his Encephalitis ridden mind. His thighs were spread, cheeks pushed apart as Hannibal slid in between them, only their underwear preventing his strained sex from pressing into his core.

Will's eyes flew wide, his grip on the other tightening as he yanked him away.

"Stop!"

The older obediently pulled away and put some distance between them, both catching their breath.

"My apologies, I became carried away." He beseeched with heavy pants, licking his lips at the sight of Will's flushed cheeks and neck. The brunette nodded in forgiveness, not trusting himself to speak as he shuffled up on the bed to put more space in-between, hoping the other wouldn't notice his erection and interpret it as invitation. Hannibal only moved back in closer, gently caressing his nape. Their noses were almost bumping, a comment about personal space playing on the tip of Will's tongue.

"Is this… alright?" The cannibal gave him a soft, experimental kiss, moving back and gazing at him imploringly as the brunette's defences quickly crumbled.

He nodded, overwhelmed by the other's gaze but unable to let it go until their eyes slid shut, lips meeting in a restrained manner the brunette was far more comfortable falling back into.

Will was almost certain sinning had never felt so divine.

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He knew something was wrong the moment he awoke and Hannibal's arms weren't wrapped around him for the first time in two days. Plus his limbs were weirdly heavy, and his brain felt like sludge.

It was still dark, so he threw his hand over to the bedside table, searching around for the radio clock he was pretty sure was there. He had to pull it close in order to see the tiny number lights, face scrunched up in confusion. 20:06? But that was like 8pm? That couldn't be right, he was eating lunch just a second ago, he was sure…

Slowly his brain recapped the day, trying to puzzle the jumbled memories together.

First he'd woken up… then they'd made out, then had breakfast, then he'd shaved cause he didn't want Hannibal to get a rash when he was already injured, then they'd made out again, eaten lunch, and then… nothing. Had he sedated him?

Will realised he must have as it all came together, probably so he could go find his next victims without worrying he would call the authorities in his absence.

Bile rose up in the brunette's throat and he let the clock drop to the floor, slowly sitting up to try preventing the reflux. Evidently his body didn't like whatever Hannibal had given him. He felt like back before his brain surgery. Maybe that was the point, he wondered. Maybe Hannibal just liked him like this, weak, sick, and confused. *Bastard*. Stupid bastard man with his soft lips and furry chest and puppy eyes. No, he wasn't a puppy, he was a wolf, a big dangerous wolf. Will had always wanted a wolf, maybe Hannibal would get him one if he asked? Although he already had Hannibal so he didn't really need two.

It took a few tries but eventually he managed to roll out of bed, stumbling towards the unsuit. A shower would wake him up, and at least that way if he vomited it wouldn't make the room stink.

Floppy and defiant he managed to get the water on and slowly lower himself to the floor, letting the warm wash over him as he shut his eyes and leant back against the cold tiles with a sigh.

Stupid Hannibal.

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The room was spinning. Or maybe he was spinning… No, not spinning, but he was definitely moving, despite his body being completely limp, and… wet? Why was he wet?

He groaned and forced his eyes to focus, noting the towel wrapped around his body.

"Han-bl?" The blonde's worried look subsided slightly as he gazed down at him, placing him gently down on the bed.

"You drug'd me." He pouted, trying and failing to glare at the other since there was like… three of him.

"Evidently not enough." The man sighed, still looking disgruntled as he began to dry him.

"Wa's time?" Will mumbled, unable to see the clock anywhere. Oh right, he'd dropped it.

"10:30." *Shit*, he must have passed out in the shower.

Something was slipped down his legs and he realised his underwear was soaked. He wasn't sure if he blacked out but he didn't even have time to feel embarrassed before they were

replaced with a dry pair, the towel moved to his head as he was sat up.

It felt weirdly nice having his hair dried, Hannibal's strong fingers massaging it against his head, but he really needed to pee so he swatted him aside and tried to stand. The doctor grabbed him before he could fall.

"Bathroom." He explained, finding his footing as Hannibal helped him walk.

"Will you be alright?" He asked as they got to the toilet, Will rushing him out with a pointed gaze.

"Jus' get out." He grumbled, giving him a playful shove.

By the time he flushed his head was feeling a lot clearer and he was able to wash his hands without help, splashing his face for good measure. When he came back Hannibal was busy unpacking what looked like shopping bags into their little kitchenette.

"What's that?" He asked, noting the big hunk of red meat.

"I went shopping."

"You mean hunting." Hannibal smirked.

"That too." True enough Will could see some vegetables and fruit, along with a few packets of spices. Evidently the other was planning on doing some cooking.

"So I'm guessing we have new identities now then." He said pointedly, sitting on the side of the bed.

"I am one Doctor Roman Fell, 50 year-old newly employed curator of the Capponi Library, and you are now Mr Lyall Fell, nae Lydia, recently transitioned 41 year old retired teacher."

"*41?*" Will asked, clearly insulted.

"You've had work done." Hannibal suggested with a shrug, the brunette rolling his eyes.

"Evidently, and how exactly do you expect me to play transsexual?"

"You don't, if anyone brings it up just state you're uncomfortable talking about it. Other than that be as you always are." He reached back into one of the bags. "Here." A small gold item was thrown his way, Will looking at it curiously as it landed beside him. It looked like… a ring? He gave the other a curious look and noted he was wearing a matching band

"What, not even gonna take me out to dinner first?" He joked as he picked it up and inspected it closely.

"Personally I believe providing dinner yourself to be far more romantic than simply paying someone else to feed your partner." Will felt his face heat. He supposed they were partners now, in a… romantic sense. The though made his hands shake as he slipped on the ring, twisting it around absently with his thumb. It felt weird, alien… but not heavy or tight. Just

cool and smooth. It was strange how people likened them to collars and shackles, especially since he felt freer than he ever had with Hannibal.

“Are you hungry?” Will shook his head, still a little nauseous. “I’ll make you something if you change your mind.” He kind of wanted to make the other cook him something just for the joy of watching him, but instead he crawled in bed and turned on the tv, patting the spot beside him like he would with his dogs out of habit. Hannibal obediently complied with a look of amusement, taking out his laptop as he went.

While Will refused to fall back asleep Hannibal kept succumbing to yawns, and eventually the brunette couldn’t take it anymore. He shut the laptop in the other’s face and removed it from his lap, the man giving him a curious look.

“Go to sleep.”

“You’re sure you won’t get hungry?”

“I could make myself something you know.”

“…If that’s what you want.” He sounded disappointed, a hint of a pout of his lips. Will only rolled his eyes and muted the tv.

“Go to sleep. You can make me breakfast in the morning.” Hannibal smiled.

“That sounds fair.” He agreed, laying down and shutting his eyes.

It was barely half an hour before Will noted his breathing had shallowed, watching silently as the other slept like the dead.

Chapter End Notes

Next chpts on its way, i just hav a lot of uni shit i hav to get done first

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Will awoke to the unmistakable smell of frying meat overwhelming the small room. Thankfully the nausea of the night before had left him or he probably would have rolled over and started heaving.

With a tremendous amount of effort, he forced an eye open and peeking over towards the kitchenette. As expected Hannibal was already preparing breakfast, no doubt with the contents of his last kill.

The man wore only his underwear and an apron as he quietly moved about, a compendium of bruises covered his back and legs. He had removed the gauze from his worse wounds to let them breath, painted in red, deep purple, and sickly yellow splotches.

It was a sight Will wouldn't mind getting used to.

With a deep, relaxed breath the brunette let his eye fall back shut, listening to the other work.

It was sometime later when the cannibal came to rouse him. Will feigned sleep, an amused chuckle coming from the doctor who had no doubt already noted his change in breathing as he set a gentle kiss on the corner of his mouth. Will opened his eyes and sat up as the other caressed his face lovingly and put a plate on his lap, delight bubbling up in the ex-profiler's stomach.

It seemed a tiny kitchen and lacking equipment would not stop Hannibal Lecter attempting to outdo every meal the hotel had served them. Whether this was a matter of pride or impressing Will he wasn't sure. It was however becoming obvious that the other was a hopeless romantic, considering what sat before him was a fancy rendition of the first meal they had ever shared- when Hannibal had first brought him breakfast.

When the other had the time to make people sausages was beyond him. If there was one mystery he was yet to figure out about the other it was how he managed so much in such small amounts of time. The dinner parties, murder, cooking five-star meals, maintaining a practice, assisting the FBI, all the while making enough public appearances to remain a well-known part of high end society. It must have been years since he'd had a full night's sleep.

Knowing what the meat was surprisingly made no difference as he bit into the food. Will had expected disgust or the return of his nausea, but instead he actually enjoyed the familiar taste of his therapist's cooking. He didn't even bother feigning guilt- Hannibal didn't need him to pretend.

The man really did make beautiful meals, just like his kills- both were undeniable artworks. Will chuckled to himself as he recalled what Hannibal had once said about transferring his passion for anatomy into the culinary arts. Hannibal in turn gave him a curious look.

“I can’t believe it took us so long to realise you were a cannibal. You literally made puns about it constantly.”

“Puns are the highest form of humorous word play, they require a deep understanding of a language and impressive creativity.” Will only rolled his eyes. God, he really was a narcissist, and the worst part was how right he was. Even now as he looked back at all the thinly veiled jokes a smile ghosted over his lips.

They left for Italy after lunch, during which Hannibal used up the rest of the perishable ingredients he had brought and created another marvel on their plates, this time with pasta.

On the way to the train station they made a brief stop at a small mall, and the older purchased two mobiles- both with unlimited plans within Europe.

“I could just email Jack you know.” Will pointed out as they hailed a cab, the new phone in his pocket.

“You could.” Realising the other trusted him filled him with the sudden urge to pull Hannibal close and smash their lips together- followed by the overwhelming knowledge that he totally could. They were after all posing as a recently married couple, he could just reach out and pull the Chesapeake Ripper, the serial killer he’d hunted and studied for so long, into a kiss, and it would be perfectly acceptable.

All the freedom was making him heady as he thumbed at the ring on his finger, spinning the smooth metal around.

Before he knew it they had arrived at the station and found their way to their seats. It was an overnight trip with several transfers, but otherwise it was not dissimilar to air travel. Once again Hannibal bought him a drink and snacks, leading Will to the realisation he was completely reliant on the other financially. It should probably have bother him but since the other seemed so happy spoiling him he couldn’t bring himself to get too worked up.

Setting up his new phone occupied some of his time, feeling just a little excited at owning his first smart phone. He’d never seen much of a need for such a needlessly expensive and fancy device, especially since he had a tendency to lose them, or drop them in rivers, or leave them where they would get chewed up by dogs.

Once he’d finished setting a photo of a pack of dogs as his wallpaper, missing his own, he checked out TattleCrime’s latest articles. It came as no surprise he and Hannibal were all over the webpage, Freddie having entitled her exposé as ‘The Chesapeake Murder Husbands’. As expected he’d been portrayed as Hannibal’s partner in crime, though the fact she’d caught on to the romantic side of things before even he had was pretty impressive. He was however irked that she hadn’t kept her word about leaving Abigale out of it, but had at least portrayed her as an innocent victim of two ‘perverse psychopaths’ and recanted all previous statements about her.

According to article all three ‘innocent victims’ survived, and the two of them had ‘vanished without a trace’. That gave him a bit of relief.

“Looks like we’re in the clear.” He offered the phone over but Hannibal merely looked it over quickly with a nod and smile, most likely having already read it but not wanting to appear rude.

Will thought to ask him his opinion on the title- which he personally found rather amusing- but decided to leave it as the other seemed rather busy on his own phone making online purchases- not that will knew what they were since the phone wasn’t set to English.

It didn’t take long for him to get bored again, deciding to look around at dogs online. It was little use, as he had no idea how that sort of thing worked outside of America. Would they go to a breeder? A pound? A pet store? A puppy farm? Personally he hated the second two choices on principle, but any chance to save a dog from mistreatment was one he’d take. Besides, maybe they could save a whole litter, and the parents too. It might serve as a problem with laying low though, after all, a doctor and a guy with fifty dogs couldn’t be anyone but them.

“Am I going to need to learn Italian?” Will eventually asked, secretly concerned that Italian dogs wouldn’t recognise American words.

“English is a very common language, you shouldn’t need to.” Still he downloaded an Italian translator app just in case, taking the time to try memorising important words like ‘walk’, ‘ball’, and ‘good boy/girl’. He doubted he’d need any others.

By the time they arrived at their final stop and took a taxi to their new home in Florence it was no longer late in the night but early in the morning, and Will could feel the exhaustion creeping into his bones.

A fully furnished house awaited them, and it was the exact kind of home you’d expect a librarian to own. It was filled with books on wooden shelves and didn’t quite fit Hannibal’s style, or his own for that matter. It wouldn’t take too much- a painted blood red wall here, a animal skin rug there, a human skull on the mantle, a deer skull on the wall, maybe a gold chandelier- and they’d be right at home.

It felt strangely... domestic, settling in. Hannibal led him to the upstairs bedroom, and although there were three he took both their suitcases into the master chamber. Will didn’t argue and simply joined him in unpacking, blood pumping just a little faster.

The bedroom was large, but cozy, with a four poster bed and a fireplace. He had the negligent feeling he’d find himself tied to one of those posts in the future, but decided not to dwell on the thought. His heart was already palpitating enough.

While Hannibal lit the stone fire with the click of a button Will unzipped their bags, curious to see what the other had packed other than clothes. He was just a little disappointed to find there were only essentials such as soap, toothbrushes, and cash. They had enough clothes to last them about a week at the rate Hannibal changed clothes or a month for Will. They’d need to go clothes shopping soon he supposed, and get a cover for the fireplace before they got a dog.

“I have work tomorrow.” Hannibal announced as he opened the duffel, which smelt rather rancid at this point, and threw the contents into the fire. The bag could be washed, but the clothes were beyond saving. Will opened a window to flush out the smell.

“What am I gonna do all day?” It was more a jab than a question.

“Whatever you wish. I’d suggest going out for groceries, and perhaps finding whatever pet products we’ll be needing. I can make a list of ingredients for the kitchen if you’d like.” Will’s eyes widened.

“I- I can leave the house?”

“Of course.” Hannibal must have found his shocked expression endearing because he swooped in and caught his lips in a soft peck. “We have both a car and a motorcycle at our disposal, which would you prefer I leave for you tomorrow? I’d recommend the car if you’ll be grocery shopping.”

“You- can ride a motorbike?”

“I can.” He had no idea what to do with that information, as the mental image of the other riding a motorcycle (clad in leather pants and a jacket undoubtably) was making his brain short circuit.

“I can’t.” He managed to reply.

“I’ll leave the car then.”

“What if I get picked up?” He had no licence or ID since Hannibal had also thrown their old passports in the fire. The blond only smiled and went over to the suitcases, opening a secret compartment he had missed in the side. Now that was the Hannibal he knew.

He took out a leather wallet and handed it over, Will finding it had not only a new driver’s licence for ‘Lyall Fell’ but a wad of cash. God the man worked fast! He must have had it made when he was sedated yesterday- or was it the day before? Everything had become a bit of a blur with all the travel and drugs.

“I have a bank account set up for you and the card will arrive soon. In the meantime, this should suffice, and there’s extra upstairs in the left bedside dresser.” He couldn’t think of a reply as Hannibal returned to unpacking.

Once the bedroom was done he followed the other down to the kitchen, where he unpacked the spices he had previously bought. He was rather anal about it, seeming to arrange the unexpectedly large collection by something which wasn’t alphabetic but was clearly very specific. Meanwhile Will went about making a mental list of things they would need from the store- food, toilet paper, puppy pads…

After returning from a quick trip to the bathroom to see what else they’d need in there he found Hannibal had laid out on the couch, probably to rest his eyes, and likely unintentionally fallen asleep. It was rather… adorable really.

The clock read 9am but he felt having an early lunch delivered for them both would be appropriate, considering neither of them had eaten since a small dinner on the train last night. Thankfully the process of ordering was fairly straight forward, though it took him some time to figure out since he'd not ordered dominos online before, let alone on an Italian website. He was rather surprised they even had it in Italy, and even more shocked to find it didn't matter that he didn't know their current address because his phone was equipped with a tracker. He'd have to ask Hannibal how to turn that off, though something told him the other had probably bought it for that specific reason.

Since he was a master of irony he bought them a meat lovers, giggling in an overtired way as he did, as well as a godfather.

He payed in cash with a brief 'graci' as the delivery man left. He wasn't even sure if that was the right way to say thankyou but he was too tired and hungry to care.

He started eating before he'd even set the boxes down on the table, sitting on the floor in front of the sofa and gorging himself. He had eaten through nearly half one of the delicious flat breads before he noted the twitch of Hannibal's nose in the corner of his eye.

The man's face scrunching up before his eyes forced themselves open. He looked rather confused as he observed the room and noted the food.

"I got us lunch." Will explained through a mouthful while something like horror played on the dirty-blonde's face.

"Mylimasis, please tell me you did not buy from Pizza Hut in the very country Pizza originates." The man was actually cringing as he stretched.

"I didn't, it's from Dominos." Will almost chocked a laugh at the look on Hannibal's face, but despite his clear disgust he sat up and hesitantly reached for a piece.

"Hey, why do you call me molasses? It's kind of a weird nickname."

"Mylaisis," Hannibal corrected, "it is a Lithuanian word." The psychiatrist explained as he took a cautious bite, his face twisting into distaste.

"Oh... What does it mean?"

"The closest translation would be 'love'." He admitted shamelessly, a casual air about him as he hid an amused smile at Will's shocked expression.

"Y-you love me?"

"Despite your taste in food, I might add." Will's mouth gaped as he found himself lost for words.

Love… Love? The Chesapeak Ripper… Loved him??? Hannibal… loved him.

Hannibal dropped his Pizza as he suddenly found himself with a lap full of Will Graham, his lips stolen from their task of eating to instead be sucked in by the brunette. Will was pouring

passion down onto him as he gripped his face, gasping between wet and heated kisses as they tumbled down onto the couch.

There were hands everywhere, in Hannibal's hair, on Will's ass, gripping, tearing. The dirty-blond let out a moaned sigh in delight at the contact, revelling in the tug at his hair. Will was biting his lips, devouring him, and it made his heart soar.

The brunette pulled away only to gasp the most tantalising promise he'd ever heard.

"Bedroom." Hannibal looked like a dog told it was time for a walk, and straight up lifted him off the couch in one fell swoop. Will had to laugh as he found himself being carried upstairs towards their bedroom, noting that he was no doubt well practiced in carrying bodies. Well, dead ones.

Once they arrived in the bedroom he was dropped on the mattress, and like a starving man Hannibal crawled over him. There was a feral glint in his eyes as he descended upon him, ravishing his lips and rolling their bodies together. He could see the cannibal, like a demon taking over the doctor's body, as he bit at his lips, down his neck, and tore off his shirt.

Will threw his head back and shut his eyes, losing himself as he did in crime scenes. Losing himself in The Chesapeak Ripper's mind once again.

He had never seen the other so clearly- never seen the Ripper he had known for so long in Hannibal like he did now. There was darkness, shadows, blood, passion, pleasure, pain. This was their design. To be bathed in one another's lifeblood, tasting one another, devouring one another. Hannibal was as much his victim as he was his.

Hannibal fucked with the passion he killed- he created a masterpiece in composing William's moans. He brought him to heights of divinity he had never before felt, never known possible- and like that it was over.

His body still thrumming with ecstasy he opened his eyes, finding Hannibal panting above him. His cock was buried deep inside the brunette, the heat of his seed warming his insides. Oh, it was perfect.

Slowly he pulled out and Will let out a content sigh, his cum painting them both as the other collapsed beside him.

His head was still spinning as he nestled closer, Hannibal wrapping an arm around the ex-profiler and encouraging him to rest his head on his shoulder.

They lay like that catching their breath for some time, Will gently picking and stroking the hair of the other's chest. The smell of the other was intoxicating like this- so close, the musk of his sweat mingling with Will's. He'd never felt so content.

"Can I tell you a secret?" Will asked after a while.

"Of course." Hannibal mumbled into his hair, gently stroking his lover's head.

"When I first suspected you were the Chesapeake Ripper... I wanted it to be true."

“Oh?” He looked at the other curiously as Will propped himself up on his forearms, looking down at his chest as he thought about what it was he wanted to say. He’d never verbalised it before- never even admitted it to himself really.

“The first time I saw one of his- one of your kills, I got so swept up in it. It was…” *horrifying, gruesome, frightening,* “beautiful.” He couldn’t meet the other’s eyes, lest he lose his train of thought. “They were like love letters only I could understand. It was one of the reasons I left the FBI. I couldn’t- I wasn’t…” he went rather quiet, looking almost guilty. “I knew what was happening, that I was falling…” *in love* “... It felt like I knew you, when I hadn’t even met you yet. It was like we were... the same, like I’d killed all your victims too. I thought it was just overexposure to all the death and horror, that I’d developed hybristophilla to cope, but I’ve never felt the same way about another killer. None of them… none of their minds were beautiful like yours.”

As he slowly looked up at Hannibal he was shocked to find the other was on the verge of tears, a shocked and amazed smile on his face. He could see the horrible loneliness in the other’s soul, the desperate hope that had overcome him. He dove in for a kiss like Will was his oxygen and he was suffocating, something like a laugh chocking out of him as he cupped the younger’s face, infatuation burning in his eyes.

Hannibal gripped him so tight it left more marks, the taste of his tears of Will’s tongue as they fell together once again.

He would never tire of having their minds intertwine.

Chapter End Notes

Epilogue coming soon!

Epilogue

Hannibal returned home from work just after five as he said he would, Will hurrying down the stairs to greet him as soon as he heard the other pulling into the driveway.

“Welcome back!” He went to wrap his arms around the other but was instead distracted by the large box in his arms and the secretive smile on his face. The brunette shut the door behind the other, overcome with curiosity as he followed the other into lounge, excitement flaring within him as he noted the holes on the side of the giftbox.

A wet black nose poked through one of the circles, a delighted gasp coming from Will as he rushed to the table where Hannibal had put the box down, ripping off the bow and lid. His eyes twinkled with delectation as he lifted the puppy up into his arms, a wet tongue lapping all over his face.

The pup looked only a few months old, with black fur and tan patches on its skinny body. It’s tiny stub of a tail was practically vibrating, tall ears erect and vibrant blue eyes glittering mirroring Will’s happiness.

“She’s part Doberman and part Husky.” Hannibal announced as his lover giggled joyfully, the most beautiful grin on his face the doctor had ever seen.

The brunette swept towards him, pursing his lips and leaning in for a kiss, but Hannibal put a hand up between them.

“You have dog slobber on your mouth.” Will rolled his eyes. Typical, Hannibal murdered people- and dead bodies always shat and pissed themselves- but he drew the line at a little dog slobber.

“You know dog’s mouths are cleaner than peoples right?”

“In theory.” The blond replied stiffly. Will scoffed a laugh and wiped his mouth clean before leaning in again. This time Hannibal accepted his thanks, the brunette mad with glee as he deepened the kiss and hummed eagerly.

“I got you all the ingredients you wanted.” He whispered after pulling away.

“Thank you.” Hannibal laid a final kiss on his beloved’s lips before removing his jacket and walking towards the kitchen. Will dutifully followed, cooing at his new puppy and scratching it’s belly as he held it like a newborn.

They began to prepare dinner together, Hannibal reminding him to wash his hands after insisting he put the dog down.

The pup panted and pattered around their feet, Will unable to wipe the brimming smile from his face. It was beginning to make his cheeks ache, but he never wanted to stop. He’d never

felt so happy in his life, the twin of his soul beside him and fruits of their love dancing around them with sweet little barks.

Hannibal threw the puppy a cut of meat with a smile, Will bumping their hips together playfully. Their bodies seeming magnetised as their flittered about one another, sharing adoring kisses every time one of them passed to fetch something, just because they could.

“What shall we name her?” Hannibal asked, Will pausing to think as he looked down at the dogs otherworldly, piercing eyes.

“… Molasses, Molly for short.” Hannibal chuckled softly, the sound filling his soul with warmth.

Will couldn’t remember having ever felt so happy... maybe they could go out hunting together later… so he could make Hannibal as happy as he made him.

Closing his eyes he could imagine it- his design- their bodies covered in their victims blood as they became one in the savage beauty of their masterpiece.

It was beautiful.

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